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### HIS LOVE AND MINE.

He gives his lady rubies, I give my girl a kiss-The one may be bought for money. But no money can purchase this. He crowns the head of his lady With a chaplet of gold and pearls, While my darling has only the sunlight To crown her bronze-brown curls.

Ills lady lives in a palace, My girl in a cottage dwells, And each has her chosen companious, To whom all secrets she tells. Pride and Name and Riches-Of these his lady can boast, While Innocence, Truth and Duty Are the guests my girl loves most

His lady is robed to satin, In effics and Honiton face; My girl, in the cheapest of muslin, Outshines her in beauty and grace. By virtue of art, his lady The fingers of Hebe may ape; But what art would attempt to remodel

My girl's unapproachable shape! Are the checks of the lady like roses? Is her brow, then, lily white? So, too, are my girl's cheeks rosy, And her brow as dazzling, quite But were you to ask his lady To bathe her face, I fear The roses, as well as the lilles,

Would strangely disappear. I know that in all the world envies, In rank and riches and name, His high-born and haughty lady Would put my darling to shame; But I know, too, of riches rarer

Than he ever has even guessed, And of these, though the world may not know it, My darling and I are possessed.

Yes, we walk through Love's fairest domin

And we pluck the apples of gold. And the now to us is a heaven Which hardly our souls can hold. So his lady may wear her rubles, And her chaplet of gold and pearls; He has won the cold hily of ladies, I have won the red rose of girls.

# HEART AND CROSS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

Author of "Kate Stuart;" "Young Margrave;" "The Primruse Path;" "An Odd Touple;" etc. CHAPTER X.

"Why will not you come with us to London, Alice?" said I. "Mr. Crofton wishes it almost as much as I do. Such a change would do you good, and I do not need to tell you how pleasant it would be to me. Mrs. Harley and the young people at home can spare you. Kate, you know, is quite old you. Kate, you know, is quite old enough to help your mother. Why are you so obstinate? You have not been in the town in the season since the year after Clara's marriage.' "I went to see the pictures last year,"

said Alice, demurely.

"Oh, pray, Alice, don't be so dreadfully proper!" cried Clara; "that's what she's coming to, Mrs. Crofton.
The second week in May—to see all the exhibitons and heaven. the exhibitions and hear an . . .torio in Exeter Hall-and make 'mems.' in her diary when she has got through them. like those frightful people who have their lives written! O. dear, dear! to think our Alice should hav into such a shocking old maid!"

"Well, Clara, dear, I'm very glad you find your own lot so pleasant that you would like to see everybody the same as yourself." said Alice, sententionsly, and with no small amount of mild superiority: "for my part I think the role of old maid is quite satisfactory, especially when one has so many nephews and nices—and why should I go to London, Mrs. Crofton? It is all very well for Ciara-Clara is in circumstances, of course, that make it convenient and natural-but as for me who have nothing at all to do with your grand life, why should I go and vex myself with my own? Perhaps I might not have strength of mind to return comfortably to the cottage, and look after the butcher's bill, and see that there were no cobwebs in the corners-and though I am of very little importance elsewhere," said Alice, coloring a little, and with some unnecsaid Alice, essary fervor, "I am of consequence at

"But then, you see," said I, "Mrs. Harley has four daughters-and I have

"Ah! by and bye." said Alice, with a smile and a sigh, "Mrs. Harley will only have one daughter. Kate and little Mary will marry just as Clara has done. I shall be left alone with mamma and Johnnie; that it why I don't want to do anything which shall dis-gust me with my quiet life—at least that is one reason." added Alico, with a slight blush. "No, no—what would become of the world if we were exactly alike-what a humdrum, dull prospect it would be if everybody was as happy, and as gav, and as much in the sun as everybody else. You don't think, Clara, how much the gray tints of our household that is to be-mamma old, Johnnie, poor fellow, so often in trouble, and myself a stout housekeeper, will add to the picturesqueness of the landscape-much more than if our house were as gay as your own.

"Why, Alice, you are quite a painter!" cried I, in a little surprise.
"No, indeed—I wish I were," said
Alice. I wonder why some people
can do things, and some other people. with all the will in the world, can only admire them when they're done, and think—surely it's my own fault—surely if I had tried I could have done as well! I suppose it's of the common troubles of women. I am sure I have looked at a picture, or read a book many a time, with the feeling that all that was in my heart if I could only have got it out. You smile, Mrs. Crotton—perhaps it's very Csurd—I daresay a woman ought to be very thankful when she can understand books, and has enough to live on without needing to work," added this feminine misanthrope with a certain pang of natural

Spite and malice! I venture to such ugly words, because it was my dear Alice, the purest, the tenderest, most lovable of women, who

"There are a great many people in this world who think it a great happi ness to have enough to live on." said I, besides women. I don't know if Maurice has your ambition, Alice but, at least, he's a man, and has no special disadvantages; yet, begging your par-dons, young ladies, I think Allie is ood for something more than he is, as

"Ah, but then Maurice, you know, said Ciara, with a small pique at my boldness. Foor Mauricel he says he must follow out his inquiries, where-ever they led him, and however said the issue may be! It is very dreatful—he may not be able to believe in anything before he is done—but then, he must not trifle with his conscience. And not trifle with his conscience. And with such very serious things to trou-ble him, it is too bad he should be mis-

"Don't Clara, hush!" whispered Alice, looking a little ashamed of this

argument. "But why should I hush? Hugh says just the same as Mrs. Crofton—it's very provoking—but these active people do not take into consideration the treu-bles of a thoughtful mind." Maurice

little complacency- "but remember this is all a digression-Alice, will you come to London, or will you not?"

Alice got up and made a very pretty ourtsey. "No, please, Mrs. Crofton, I courtsey. "No, please, Mrs. Crofton, I will not," said that very tumanageable young lady. She looked so provokingly pretty, piquant, and attractive at the moment that I longed to punish her. And Bertie was coming home! and her mind was irretrievably prejudiced against him: it was almost too much for humun patience-but to be sure, when a woman is seven and know her own mind.

wick, all in a flutter of pink ribbons, came rustling into the room, her very brief little skirts inflated with crinoline. and rustling half as much as her mamma's, a miniature fine lady, with perfect little gloves, a miraculous little hat, and ineffable embroideries all over and a little princess' air so enchanting. that one could no more find fault with the still more exquisite decorations of swept off immediately, followed by Alice, to get ready for her drive. They were going to call upon somebody near. Clary remained with me till they came back—and Derwie was not long in find-ing out his playfellow. Derwie (my boy was a vulgar-minded boy, with a strong preference for things over thoughts, as I have before said) stood speechless, lost in admiration of Clary's grandeur. Then he cast a certain glance of half-comical comparison upon his own coat, worn into unspeak-able shabbiness by three weeks of helidays, and upon his brown little hands, garnished with cuts and scratches, and am grieved to say not even so clean is they might have been. When he had a little recovered his first amazement, Derwie turned her round and round with the tips of his fingers. Clary was by no means unwilling-she exhibited her easter splendor with all

the grace of a little belle.
"Mamma, isn't she grand?" said Derwie, "isn't she pretty? I never saw her look so pretty before." "Oh, Derwie, for shame!" said Clary, holding down her head with a pretty little affectation of confusion wonder-

ful to behold. "For shame? Why? For you know you are pretty," said my straightfor-ward son, "whether you are dressed grand or not. Mamma did you ever ee her like this before? I never did. I should just like to have a great big glass case and put you in. Clary, so that you might always look just as you

"Oh, Derwie!" cried Clary, again, but this time with unaffected horror, "I'd starve if you put me in there "No-because I'd bring you some-thing every day," said Derwie, "all my own pudding and every cake I got," and the poor women in the village would be so pleased to come and look at you, Clary; tell me what's the name of this thing—I'll tell Susan Stubbs the dressmaker all about you; they like to see ladies in grand dresses, all the cot-tage people; so do I: but I like to see you the best of all! Here, Clary, Clary!

don't go away! look at her little pink gloves, mamma! and I say, Clary, haven't you got a parasol?" "You silly boy, what do you suppose I want with a parasol when I'm going to drive with mamma?" cried Clary, with that indescribable little toss of her

At that interesting moment the mamma, of whom this delightful little beauty was a reproduction, made her appearance, buttoning pink gloves like Clary's, and rustling in her rosy, shining silken draperies like a perfect rose, all dewy and fragrant, not even quite full-blown yet, in spite of the bud by her side. Alice came after her, a little demure in her brown silk gown, vers affectionate, a little patronizing to the pretty mother and daughter—on the whole, rather superior to these lovely fooleries of theirs, on her eminence of unmarried woman. My pretty Alice! Her gravity! notwithstanding she was quite as much a child as either of them. was wonderfully amusing, though she did not know it. They went downstairs with their pleasant feminine rustle, charming the echoes with their pleasant voices. My boy Derwie, enirely captivated by Mrs. Sedgwick's sudden appearance on the scene, an enlarged edition of Clary, follower them to the door, vainly attempting to lay up some memoranda in his boyish mind for the benefit of Susan Stubbs. Pleased with them all, I turned to the window to see them drive away, when, lo! there suddenly emerged out of the curtains the dark and agitated face of Johnn'e Harley. Had we said anything in our late conversation to wound the sensitive mind of the cripple? He had

#### been there all the time. · CHAPTER XI.

"Johnnie, is there anything the matter? Why have you been sitting there?"

eried I. "Oh, no, there's nothing the matter," said, Johnnie, in such a tone as a wild beast making a snap at one might have young lady, with dreams of settlements used if it had possessed the faculty of words. "I was there because I hap pened to be there before you came into the room, Mrs. Crofton; I beg your par-don! I dont mean to be rude."

sisters and I have been talking here for eome time, quite unaware of your presence. That is not becoming. No one ought to do such things, especially a young man of right feeling like your-self."

"Oh, you think I have right feel-ings," cried Johnnie bitterly, "you think I am man enough to know what honor means? That is something, at least. I have been well brought up, haven't I? Mrs. Crofton," continued the unfortunate youth, "you were rather hard Maurice just now—I heard you, and he deserves it. If I were like Maurice, I should be ashamed to be as useless as he is. I'm not so useless

now, in spite of everything; but you'll don't you think half the people in the be frank with me—why does Alice country have written something?—and speak of keeping house with my mother and Johnnie? Why, when Kate, and even little Mary, are supposed to have homes of their own, and Maurice, of course, to be provided for—why is there o be a special establishment, all from the booksellers saying that its next the country and in the shade for your good and the provided that its next the country have written something?—and are you'll don't you think half the people in the country have written something?—and are you'll don't you think half the people in the country have written something?—and are you to make an income by that?"

"I beg your pardon.' said Johnnie, with dignity, "but it's accepted, Mrs. Crofton—that makes all the difference. Half the country have written something?—and are you to make an income by that?"

"I beg your pardon.' said Johnnie, with dignity, "but it's accepted, Mrs. Crofton—that makes all the difference.

neutral colored and in the shade, for my mother and Allee, and me?"

I sat gazing at the poor youth in the most profound confusion and amaze-ment. What could I say to him? How, if he did not perceive it himself, could I explain the naturalness of poor Alice's anticipations? I had not a word to say - his questions took me entirely by surprise, and struck me dumb -it was unauswerable.

"You do not say anything, said bles of a thoughtful mind." Maurice Johnnie, vehemently. "Why does says.

"That is very likely." said I. with a of me all my life through?—why should I go to contribute that alternative of shade which makes the landscape pic-turesque?—picturesque!" exclaimed poor Johnnie, breathing out the words upon a long breath of wrath and indig-nation; "is that all I am good for? Do you suppose God has made me in a man's form, with a man's heart, only to add a subtle charm to another man's happiness by the contrast of my misery? I believe in no such thing, Mrs. Crofton. Is that what Alice means:

"I believe in no such thing either." said I, relieved to be able to say sometwenty, she has some cort of right to thing; "and you forget; Johnnie, that the same life Alice assigned to you she At that moment little Clary Sedg--she thought-

"Mrs. Crofton," said Jonnnie, "why don't you say it out? The thoughtbut why say thought—she knew I was a cripple, and debarred from the joyous her; but with a child's face so sweet. life of man; she thought that to such as me no heavenly help could come; it did not occur to her that perhaps there might be an angel in the spheres who a bird or a flower. Clary came to tell her mamma that the carriage was at the door, and little Mrs. Sedgwick You think I speak like a fool," continued the young man, the flush of his excitement brightening all his face. and the natural superlatives of youth. all the warmer and stronger for the physical infirmities which seemed to shut him out from their legitimate use, pouring to his lip. "and so I should have been but for the divine chance that brought me here. Ah, Mrs. Crofton, you did not know what an Easter of the soul von were asking mo to, I came only a boy, scarcely aware of the dreary colors in which life lay before me. Now I can look at these dreary colors only by way of Alice's contrast -to make the reality more gloriousfor I, too, shall have the home and the life of a man!

> He stopped, not because his words were exhausted, but because breath failed him-he stood before we, raising weakness, strengthened by the inspirweakness, strengthened by the inspiring force of the great delusion, which
> gave color to his face and nerve to his
> gave color to his face and nerve to his
> cooking at him so, his words
>
> Cooking at him so, his words breaking folly as they were. Poor boy! poor Johnnie how would he fall prostrate to the cold, unconsolatory carth, when this spell was spoken could have cried over him, as he stood there defying me; he had drunk that cup of Circe—but he did not know in

is momentary intoxicat'on that it was oison to him.
"My dear Johnnie," srid I, "I am very plad of anything that makes you happy—but there is surely no occasion 

"Alice has had her youth and her choice," said Johnnie, with a calmer tone, and sinking, his first excitement over, into a chair; "but she does not think Maurice is likely to share that gray life of her-Maurice, who, as you say yourself, is of no use in the world nor Harry, whom they have all forgotten now he if in Australia, nor the children at home; only mamma when she is old, and Johnnie-well, it is of no use speakin. A man's business is not ta speak, but to work."

"That it very true, certainly," said I; "but tell me, will you-if it is not wrong to ask-what has made great change in your ideas, all at

"Ah. Mrs. Crofton, don't you know?" cried Johnnie, blushining, a soft overpowering youthful blush, which would have done no discredit to Clara herself; and the poor foolish boy looked a me with an appealing, triumphant look as if he at once entreated me to say and defied me to deny, that she was al together an angel, and he the very happlest of boys or men.

"My dear boy," said I, "don't b angry with me. I've known you all my life, Johnnie I don't mean to say word against Miss Reredos-but tell between her and youb'

"No," he said, after a pause; "no-I nothing but—but herself—and this uner I have anything but love to offertuat money could recommend a man to her, or so foolish as to think that I out when I do speak, you understand, Mrs. Crofton, it is not for vague loveaking, but to ask her to be my wife. He looked at me with his sudden air

or boy! I heard myself groaning oud in the extremity of my bewilderment and confusion; poor Johnnie, with his superb self assumption!—he, a fortnight ago, the cheerfullest of boy invalids, the kindest of widow's sons! -and she, five years older than he, at he lowest reckoning, an experienced mind! Alack, alack! what was to come of it? I sat silent, almost gaping at wonderment at the boy. At last I caught at the idea of asking him what I think it is quite necessary you his prospects or intentions were—should say as much," said I; "your though without an idea that he had any prospects, or knew in the least what he was talking about.

"You spoke of income, Johnnie; may I ask what you were thinking of?"
Johnnie blushed once more, though fter a different fashion; he grew confidential and eager—like himself.
"I have told no one else," he said,

but I will tell you, Mrs. Crofton, not only because you are our oldest friend, but because I have just told you something so anch more important, I—I have written something—nobody knews!"

"Oh, you poor boy!" cried I, quite thankful to be able on less delicate ground to make an outery over him;

now, in spite of everything; but you'll "don't you think half the people in the

very good and they'll publish it on the usual terms. I could show you the letter," adde I my young author, blushing once more, and putting his hand to his breast pocket-"I have it here."

And there it was, accordingly, to my intense wonderment-and Johnnie's hopes had, however small, an actual foundation. On the book about to be published on "the usual terms" the poor boy had built up his castle. Here he was to bring Miss Reredos to a fairy bower of love and literature—which, alas! I doubted would be very little to that young lady's taste; out I dared not tell Johnnie so poor, dreaming, foolish cripple-boy! Nothing afterwar.'s, perhaps, would taste so sweet as that delusion, and though the natural idea that "it would be kindness to undeceive him" of course moved me strongly. I had not the boldness to try, knowing very well that it would do no good. He must undeceive himself, that was evident. Thank Heaven he was so young! When his eyes were opened he would be the bitterest and most miserable of misanthropes for a few months, and then, it was to be hoped things would mend. I saw no other ending to Johnnie's romance. But he went hobbling away from me chose for herself. She thought, I suppose, because your health is not strong with his stick and his stoop, as full of his momentary fallacious happiness, as if he had been the handsome young prince of the fairy tale, whom the love of Miss Reredos would charm back to his proper comeliness. Alas, poor Johnnie! If his Laura had wrought that miraele I fear the spell was still impossible, for lack of the love-miraculous magic! the only talisman which even in a fairy-tale can charm the lost beauty back.

## To be continued,

American Children, and Horses.

St. Nicholas for October. American boys are quite as brave and active as any in the world, and learned travelers tell us they know more than any boys yet discovered in the solar system. Likewise, the American girl is sweet and good and true as bright as any girl in Europe. For all this, American boys and girls do not, as a rule, ride horseback. It is true, some country boys, east and west, ride fearlessly and well, but the ma-jority of boy and girl riders have climbed, by the aid of a rail-fence, on the back of a farm-horse, and when they were mounted the horse either laughed in his mane or ingloriously tumbled the rider over his head. very strange that in such a land of horses so few boys and girls know how struction. One has to learn this art, just as one must learn to play the piano or to mount a bievele.

Let us consider the horse, see what he is like, and then, perhaps, we may learn what it means to ride. A horse is an animal with a large brain, and, though he seldom speaks, you may be sure he thinks and has a mind of his own. Besides this, he has four legs. These are important things to remember-he stands on four legs and can think for himself. He also has ears. and, though he is not given to conversation, he hears and un that is said to him. He also has a temper-good or bad-and may be cross cheerful, patient, and kind. In approaching such a clever crea ure, it is clear a boy or girl must be equally patient, kind, cheerful, and good-natured. Unless you are as good as a horse, you

nave no right to get upon his back.
Of course, there are bad horses, but they are not fit for riding, and are used only to drag horse-cars or do other common work. All riding horses fit for the society of boys and girls are good horses, not merely for walking or galloping, but morally good-gentle. kind, patient, careful, and obedient. Any boy or girl, over seven years of with a brave heart and steady age, with a brave heart and steady hand, and also sweet-tempered, gentle, kind, and thoughtful, can learn to tide. All others must sit in a box on whee's and be dragged about.

Maria Mitchell.

For nearly 20 years Maria Mitchell has been the presiding genius of the Vas-ar observatory, and, with every commencement itself, has come "dome party" for the students of her a word against Miss Reredos—but tell department. One never finds her in bark. Hole in the Dy, the Sloux ornament of her own ornaments is thus me, has there been any explanation finer mood than when hostess of the Chief, was so "civilized" that he lived happily expressed: "La toillette n'est He hesitated a moment, blushing Mitchell is an interesting woman-or- trotting horse, and was made a citizen iginal, stimulating. Her racy talk is of Minnesota by special act of the Leg-"No," he said, after a pause; "no —I free from cant or conventionality, and islature. Yet "H. Day, Esq.," as he have not been able to arrange my often gives the listener an electric was officially styled, proved the leader laws for women than for themselves, thoughts at all yet. I have thought of shock. Her spirited salutation imparts of the massacres a few years later, and "Often the virtue of a woman must the impulse to conversation. Her sur- one of the most ruthless of the fiends imaginable hope of happiness—and I roundings are at once the chief topics who desolated the frontier. am a man of honor, Mrs. Crofton. I of our talk. The parlor in which we The history of America will not speak to her till I know wheth- find ourselves is curiously divided be- with the history of such failures-from tween society and science. Behind the that of the University of Henrico for not because I am so ba e as to suppose railing at one stand the chronograph the instruction of "ye salvages," to the and the solemn side-real clock. Be- rosy colored data in the latest report will ever have anything beyond income; dow, is a bust of Mary Somerville, pre- No doubt examples of an opposite char-Sented to Vassar College by Frances acter might be cited; but history shows Power Cobbe. Two tall book cases that the instances of failure are as nucontain a friendly crowd of books from Laplace's "Mecanique Celeste" to the volume of Longfellow. Here is a pic tribesman, was educated in England. manhood and independence, again volume of Longfellow. Here is a pro-mewhat defiant. Heaven help the ture of Humboldt in his study, there some astronomical cups and saucers, adorned with an astronomer's portrait. On this table are books of did not send him back to Georgia until of the prizes. In his brief address, he autograph letters from many of the he had acquired all the polish and acpeople best worth knowing on both sides of the Atlantic. The vines of the window sway gently in the still June morning. On one side we look down young lady, with dreams of settlements | into a quaint little garden, with a sug-and trosseaus occupying her mature | gestion of old world sleepiness and quiet. Here grow the first roses and the last chrysanthemums. From the opposite window we see broad, rolling lawns, and beyond, the distant Catskills. But the last guest has arrived and breakfast is announced. We form in line, precedence being regulated by the years of graduation. Up a flight of steps, through heavy baize doors, and we are in the dome itself. Over our heads the great equatorial teles points silently heavenward, itself a work as marvellous as the wonders it reveals. In its solemn presence our chatter seems frivolous; but we reflect that this is the one day in the year on which the grim old telescope deigns to "receive." except for strictly scientific

Never lose your center, right, or courage, ner change plans in front of

purposes.

HOW FAST DOES LIGHT TRAVEL? Experiments About to be Made to Det mine the Question.

eveland Leader.

Important experiments are to be made at the East End by Professor Albert A-Michelson, under Government auspices. to determine more accurately than ever pefore the velocity of light. Mr. Michelson is a young man who graduated from the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. in 1873. He came to Cleveland in May of this year, and is now connected with the Case School of Applied Sciences. After his graduation he remained at the Naval Academy in Annapolis and undertook patient experiments to deter-mine how fast light travels. The most accurate previous conclusions on this point were those of M. Cornu, made at the Observatory at Paris in 1874. The velocity of light, according to these ex-periments, was 300,400 kilometres, or early 186,584 miles, per second. Michelson, in his experiments in 1879, arrived at a velocity of 199,040 kilometres or 186,380 miles per second. While he was experimenting Professor Simon Newcomb of Washington, Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, visited Annapolis and interested himself in Mr. Michelson's operations. Mr.Newcomb did not believe the result obtained was as close as possible, and with Mr. Michelson's assistance undertook experiments of his own at Washington He arrived at the conclusion slightly differing from Mr. Michelson's figures but has not yet published the results he obtained the same result as at first. He then askd Mr. Michelson to repeat his experiments. The latter has agreed to do so at Cleveland, and preparations for the work are almost complete. The cost will be about \$1,200, and

will be borne by the Bache scientific fund. The site of the experiments is the grounds of the Case School at the East End. Here two buildings have been erected by E. P. Ingersoll, the well-known contracter and builder of Logan street. The larger building, 16 by 45, feet contains a small engine and the chief apparatus. Two thousand fect west of it is a small building containing a stationary mirror. buildings have been erected, and the apparatus will be ready for work in bout two weeks. The machinery and manner of the experiments are quite complicated. In brief, however, a ray of sunlight is thrown epon a slowly re-volving mirror, whence it is reflected upon the stationary mirror two thou-sand feet away, and from there reflected back over the same path. As the revolving mirror turns slowly the returning ray is moved slowly to one side The velocity of the light is measured by a calculation of the various distances from mirrors to mirrors, angels, rapidity and distance of movement of the revolving mirror, distance of movement of the returned ray, etc. Professor Michelson thinks that when he gets at work he can conclude his experiments and investigations in about three weeks. The work will be closely watched by scientists interested in that subject. The velocity of light has an important bearing upon astronomical calculations and the experiment will be one of considerable value. Professor Michelson. though a young man, has a reputation as a careful, reliable, and conscientious investigator. His being placed in charge of the Department of Physies of Case School is evidence that he is an accomplished scientist.

#### Failures in Savage Education.

Lon Ion Standard. great wrong done him, and is anxious to clear himself to the Queen and win the reward of a recovered reputation. by which savages are supposed to be jury and the judge. taught how good it is to be at peace make much powder. He will be taken mains for a long time a bud, and when to the Tower and the reviews, and will | she ought to burst into bloom she fades be softened by inoculation with the "Women seek to counteract in their ways of "s rejet" in the drawing rooms children the defects of their husband of the amable Tadies who have constituted themselves his Envoys Extraordinary and Agents in Advance. Then, a woman who does not understand othwe presume, he is to go home a better ers. ("Femme incomprise" in the origand wiser man, and profiting by the inal, is, of course, much better than "a lessons learned in his "respectable woman who is not understood" in the lodgings" in the Fulham Road, resume translation.) his reign on reformed principles. But, in truth, it must be admitted that the experiment of impressing savages with the stamp of civilization, and then sending them back as missionaries of would disappear.
this "culture in six lessons." has been "Man destroys

tried often, and often failed. Sir George Simpson tells us that he nibbling like a took "Sporane Garry," a Columbia like a serpent. River Chief's son, educated him in En-June, writes a correspondent of the gland, and sent him home. But all barometer, but they only understand "Woman's Journal." as regularly as that he preserved of his exotic civilizathe tion was the art of playing cards and manufacturing them out of bits of cedar dome. First and foremost, Maria in a brick house in St. Paul, drove a passine chose indifferente; elle full de nons

The lustory of America is studded but profited little by his opportunities.
General Oglethrope took another savage youth to Loadon with him, and did not send him back to Georgia until complishments of the fine gentleman. Yet within a year the dandy vagabond and moral leaders of the universe, had laid aside his laced coat, his periwig, his clouded cane, and his jeweled | will retain the lead which the order of snuff-box, and returned to his primitive habits and former life. Louis XIV took promising Indians to Versailles, that it should make the slightest differeducated them, and then, after mating them with well dowered ladies sent them back. As a rule they got intoxi-cated on the first night of their arrival, divided their finery among their untraveled relatives, whipped their deludod brides, and then ran wild in the woods, "the noble savage" of reality. though not of romance. General Lafayette took a

Corn Planter, an Onieda Chief, with schools and the most brilliant society, and married him to a beautiful woman. But he had scarcely returned to his or unwise. I have always taken great tribe before he abandoned his wife, who interest in the experiment, which has was found wandering through the forest in misery and hunger by Araon Burr, during his memorable journey from New York to Canada. A Brazillan Bolocado graduated in the University of Bahia, and praciticed for a time ss

a physician. But in a tew years he deserted civilization and, bereft of clothes and culture, took to the jungle and roots again. Admiral Fitzroy's Jemmy Button, who in England had worn gloves and boots, reverted in Terre del Fuego a year or two afterward to a naked.un kempt, unwashed savage. Bungari, the Australian—and instances might unfortunately be quoted almost without end-took prizes at college and, spoke Latin better than the Governor himself. But he soon escaped to the busn, declaring that education had been of no use but to make him conscious of his misery. This, it is by no means unlikely, may be the only result of Cetewayo's visit. Like Bungari, "the Black Fellow," and young Djammel-Eddin, Schamyl's son, who died of weariness, after exchanging the gay society of St. Petersburg for the rude life of Circassia, he may discover wants he never knew, and return to Zulaland or the Cape having learned that "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

#### A Queen's Thoughts.

. James Gazette. It takes a good many operations of the mind to make up what justly can be called thought; and as the Roumanian Queen herself made this observation, it may fairly be suggested that the title under which her collection of ingenious, witty, thoughtful notes has be altered by the omission or substitu-tion of a word. One runs the risk of falling into some perverson of meaning in endeavoring to turn into plain English "thoughts" written in perfect French. The attempt, however, worth making; and here are a number of the "Penses" of Queen Elizabeth, selected on no particular principle from the first half of the volume:

Women are bad through the fault of men; men are bad through the fault of

"The man loves above all the woman the woman loves above all the children. [Here of course the fuller meaning belonging in French to the word femme is in the English lost.]

"The savage woman is a beast of burden; the Turkish woman an animal of luxury; the European woman a little of both. [In the French une bele a deux fins: a horse for either saddle or shafts

"The honest woman is to the woman who is lost only a looking-glass in which the latter sees her wrinkles, and which in her rage she would like to smash. "Coquetry is not always a bait; it i

ometimes a shield. "A woman emits sometimes a daring opinion but she retires shocked if she taken at her word.

"Several of the thoughts about we men are untranslatable, by reason of the double significance attached to the word fimme. The following, for in stance: "La femme du monde reste diffisilement la femme de son mari:"

Women the corners of whose mouth hang down are, we suppose, ill-temper-ed; in which case the following piece of advice is excellent: "Do not marry a woman the corner

of whose mouth hang down; the mouth itself might be a cherry, but you would all the same find the fruit bitter. "In matters of science women are so much accustomed to be treated as of no

account that they mistrust savans who What Cetewayo is brought here for it is hard to say. He is understood to "A woman is stoned for an action

be weighted with the sense of some which may be committed by a man of old Egyptian. It is true that their reerfect honor. "Women are considered unjust be cause they are impressionable; but im-

ill-natured, or sweet-tempered, In add tion, he comes with a view of pressions are often more just than being passed through the usual routine judgments. It is the question of the "A woman who is unhappy is a flowwith people who have many guns and er exposed to the north wind; she re-

> and those of his family. "A woman who is not understood in

Women seek to counteract in their

tistic sentiment that women paint themselves if they had are failed and handfuls of flowers and its themselves: if they had any feeling for the picturesque, rice powder itself

"Man destroys with ho, as like a bull, or with paws like a bear; woman by nibbling like a mouse or by embracing "Men study women as they study the

question are precisely recorded. There are, e. g., 1,975,800 nosegays of vegetables—it does not say what proportion of these were onions—as against 11,000 nosegays of corn and 3,410 of lotus. The idea that a woman must embellish the finery she puts on and be the Thus in these chronicles we have evidence of both extreme profusion and precise economy of the nicest reckoning and the most liberal abundance.

un objet d'art amme a condition que sons

oyer la parure de votre parure. "From selfishness men make severer "Often the virtue of a woman must be very great, it has to suffice for two. 'Forgiveness is almost indifference while love lasts forgiveness is impossi-"You hate the unhappy woman whom you would have liked to console. "An excellent housewife is always in state of despair; one would often like

#### Women as Leaders. Denver Tribune

At the annual distribution of prizes the students of the London of Medicine for Women, Prof. Huxley presided, and made the presentation to women hereafter as the intellectual things has hitherto given them; but should they do so, I cannot understand ence to the in portance and the duty or the part of womentthat they should do all they can to render themselves useful members of the community. Nor should it prevent those who have any influence in this world from endeavoring to enable woman to take up any career for which she is fitted. not understand why free trade in these mattars should not apply everywhere, Corn Planter, an Onieda Chief, with him to France, trained him in the first not be thrown open to every human being. The future will show whether the experiment now being made is wise

oughly. It is at the pressed more flourishing condition than ever before, and I must confess that I was gratified to hear of the distinguished honors which some of the students have obtained from the University of London. That is a practical test of the highest importance. I venture to say so because I was for twelve or thirteen years Examiner of the University of London, and therefore know that there is no better test of capacity than s there afforded. The experiment has shown that there are hundreds of women who have the capacity and power to do the work of medical practitioners just as well as it has been done by the great majority of their brothers. Why, under these circumstances, they should not be allowed and encouraged to take up the profession, I cannot understand. It may interest you, as I happened for the past twelve months to be a member of the Medical Acts commission, if I say a word or two as to the results so far as they affect you. I am obliged to speak guardedly, because it was only this morning that I signed the report of the committee, which has not yet been laid before Her Majesty. But I think I may, without impropriety, go so far as to say that the commissioners were deeply impressed with the importance of the question of medical education for women. And, if I may be allowed to say so, I think they were all struck withe power and moderation of a statement made by Mrs. Garrett been brought out is not a perfectly appropriate one. They are all written with wonderful neatness and nicety; a much her debtors for what she has most important point, considering how done for you. If the recommendations of that commission be carried that there he one port hole or out, whether there be one port hole or many for admission to the Medical Register, the way will not be closed

### Written Remains of the Exyptians.

iond Words.

against women.

Most of the written remains of aucient Egypt are religious. Many consist of hymns to the gods, and have a pathos of their own. Others are lists of oblations or spoils taken in war. These have no more literary pretentions than an auctioneer's catalogue or an inventory of furniture. They give us, however, a vivid idea of Eg/ptian belongings. The manifold productions and riches of ancient Egypt are nowhere set fourth in more detail than in what is known as the "Great Harris Papyrus," which contains divers of these summaries. It was found in a tomb, and measures 133 feet long by 161 inches broad. Here we read of the barge of cedar with rivets of gold-plat-ed brass and cabins adorned with precious stones; of houses with doors and lintels of gold surrounded by gardens planted with all kinds of fruits and anks for water fowl and fish. Beside these are granaries of corn and treasuries filled or temples presented with a surprising amount of miscellaneous property, paint, spirits of wine, honey. il, linen overcoats, embroidered caps, incense, silver dishes and ladles, rings, onions, cedar harps, bundles of writing reeds, wax, leather sandals, turquoises, perfumes, images, necklaces, wine, colored bedclothes, etc. The most careful inventory was made of the several items, and in every case the exactamount of the articles in store seems to be set down. For instance, in one place we find a record of 825.840 crystal beds; in another of 23,008 pots of frankincense, while one "cedar rule" figures by itself. Peside these dead or dry goods, we have astonishing lists of cattle and birds. especially pigeons, ducks and geese. Here we are struck by evidence of much that was eminently business like and prosaic among the ligion especially, at least so far as the offerings made by the King represented the generosity of the people, was marked by marvelous and abundant devotion: the adoruments of the temples not being brought to a focus in some inner shrine, but shown in the capping of sacred obelisks with solid gold, and the covering of huge holy walls inside and out with costly sculpture. But though this indicates a certain profuseness of expenditure. nothing is more striking than the minute economy and attention to details exhibited in what may be called the sacred rent roll, summaries of oblations, and the like. The chronicler carefully distinguishes between the "ducks" and the "ducklings." fered to Ra, the sliced, salted and preamounts of these several items are set down. In the "Great Harris Papyrus." now in the British Museum, and translated in the "Records of the Past."

### One Wedding Enough

there are many of these entries, and in

every case the totals of the goods in

The people of Geneseo, N. Y., are aroused over a sensation in society circles, the facts of which have but recently come to light. That the parties to the affair belong to the very best society in the town only serves add an increasing interest to the affair. Some time since invitations were issued for the wedding of Miss Minnie Curtis, of Genneseo, and Dr. Frank Smedley, of Avon. The time fixed for the wedding was near at hand, and as the parents of the bride are wealthy people preparations for the wedding were made grand scale and an elegant wardrobe was purchased for the bride. A few days since, however, a rumor became current upon the streets of Geneseo, to the effect that the would-be-bride and groom had already been married. For a time this rumor was emphati-cally denied by the friends of both parties. The truth of the rumor was finally established, however, by the confession of Miss Curtis, herself. Shh stated that while out riding with Dr. Smedley last June, he dared her to marry him, a challenge which she accepted, and the ceremony was performed by a clergyman in Henrietta. They intended to keep the whole affair secret, but somehow it leaked out.

Mr. and Mrs. Curcis, therefore sent notes to the invited guests stating that the ceremony would not take place as previously intended. Dr. Smedley and his wife will go to Germany, where the doctor will complete his medical

A contemporary asks: "How shall women carry their purses to frustrate thieves?" Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to new been working ten years, and I com gratulate you upon the report which has just been read, as it shows clearly snatch a woman's purse, after following her half a mile, and then find that it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph that this has not been a mere flash in the pan of hasty enthusiasm, but that the institution is doing its work thor- of her grandmother.